



# PERIWINKLE

Illustrated by  
ZULMA DELACY STEELE

# PERIWINKLE

BY

JULIA C. R. DORR

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN CHARCOAL*

BY

ZULMA DE LACY STEELE

BOSTON

LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS

10 MILK STREET

1894

WILLIAMS

1894

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PERIWINKLE

PRESS OF  
Rockwell and Churchill  
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To  
My Brothers,  
R.R.D.  
W.R.D.  
H.R.D.

Whose boyish feet knew all the  
devious ways of Periwinkle

Z. DeL S.

"Fern Cottage"  
Rutland, Vermont.  
June 16<sup>th</sup> 1893.



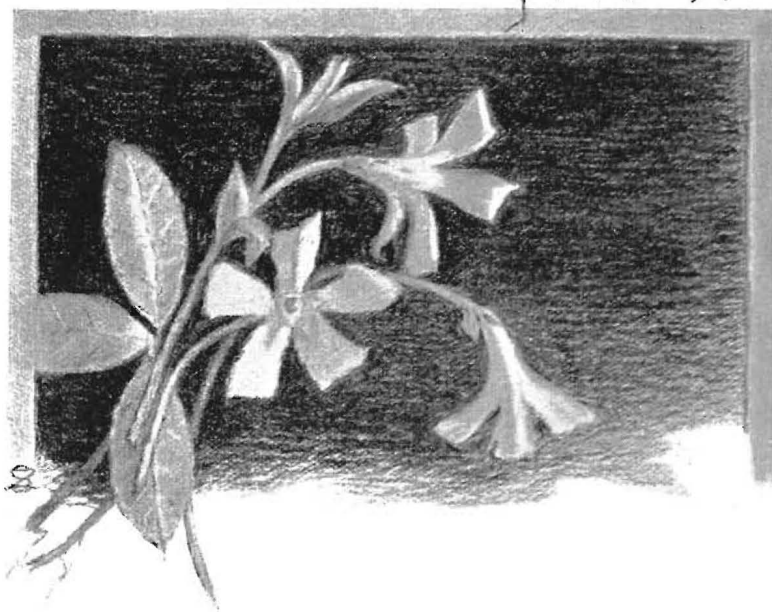
## PERIWINKLE

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TINKLE, tinkle,  
     Periwinkle !  
     Soft and clear,  
     Far or near,  
 Still the mellow notes I hear !  
     Up and down the sunny hills,  
     Here you go, there you go,  
     Where the happy mountain rills  
     Tinkle soft, tinkle low ;  
 Where the willows, all a-quiver,  
 Dip their long wands in the river,  
 And the hemlock shadows fall  
 By the gray rocks, cool and tall—  
     In and out,  
     And round about,  
     Here you go,  
     There you go !

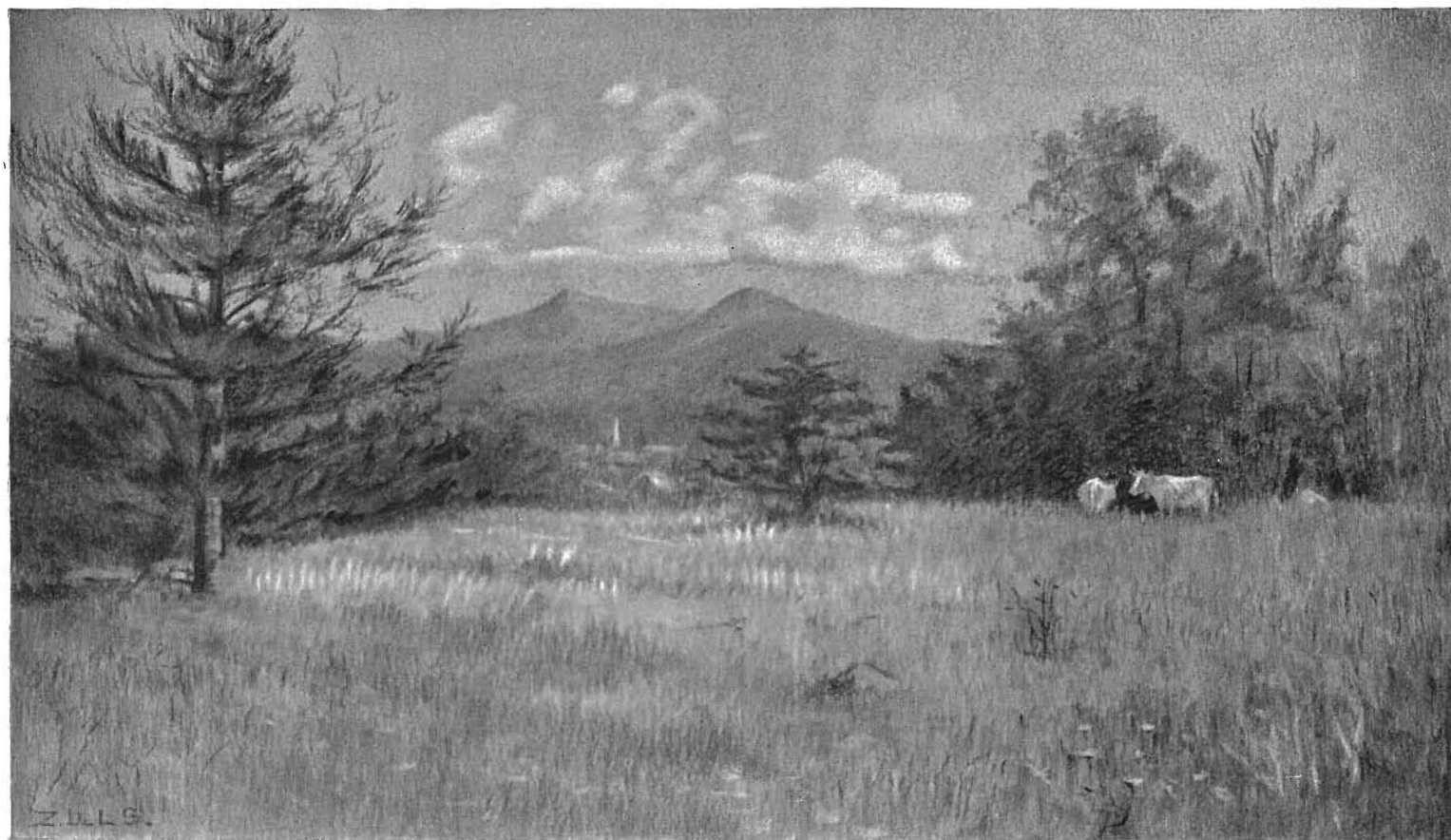
Tinkle, tinkle,  
 Periwinkle !  
     Here and there,  
     Everywhere,  
 Floats the music on the air !  
     Through the pastures wide and free,  
     Here you go, there you go,  
     Making friends with bird and bee,  
     Flying high, flying low ;  
 In and out, where lilies blowing  
 Nod above wild grasses growing,  
 Where the sweet fern and the brake  
 All around rich odors make,  
 Where the mosses cling and creep  
 To the rocks, and up the steep—  
     In and out  
     You wind about,  
     Here and there,  
     Everywhere !

Tinkle, tinkle,  
Periwinkle!  
Day is done,  
And the sun  
Now its royal couch hath won!  
Homeward through the winding lane,  
Here you go, there you go,  
While the bell in sweet refrain  
Tinkles clear, tinkles low,—  
Tinkles softly through the gloaming,  
“Drop the bars—I’m tired of roaming  
Here and there, everywhere,  
Through the pastures wide and fair.  
Home is best,  
Home and rest!”  
Through the bars goes Periwinkle,  
While the bell goes tinkle, tinkle,  
Low and clear,  
Saying softly, “Night is here!”



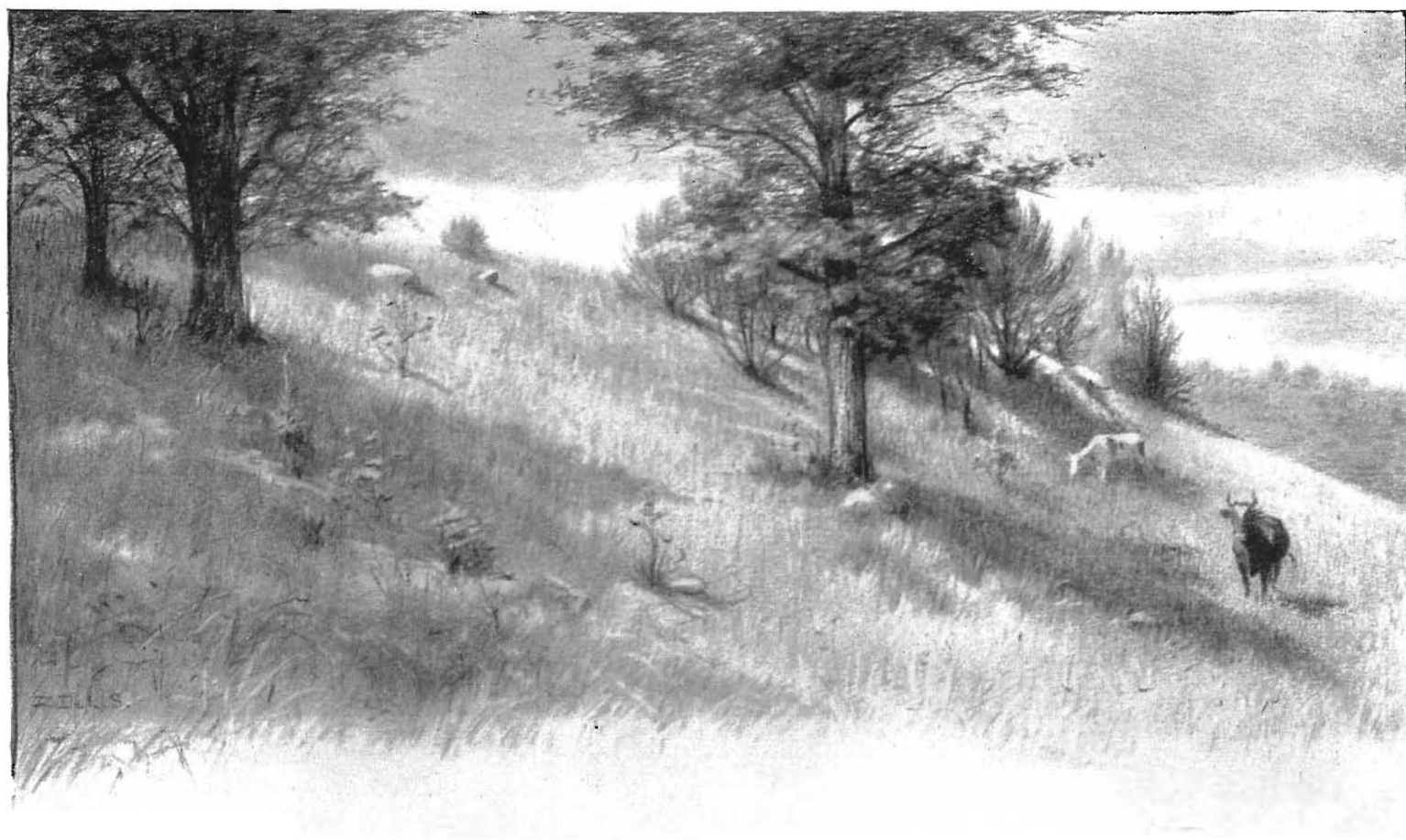
Tinkle, tinkle, feriwinkle!

Soft and clear,  
Far or near,  
Still the mellow notes  
I hear!



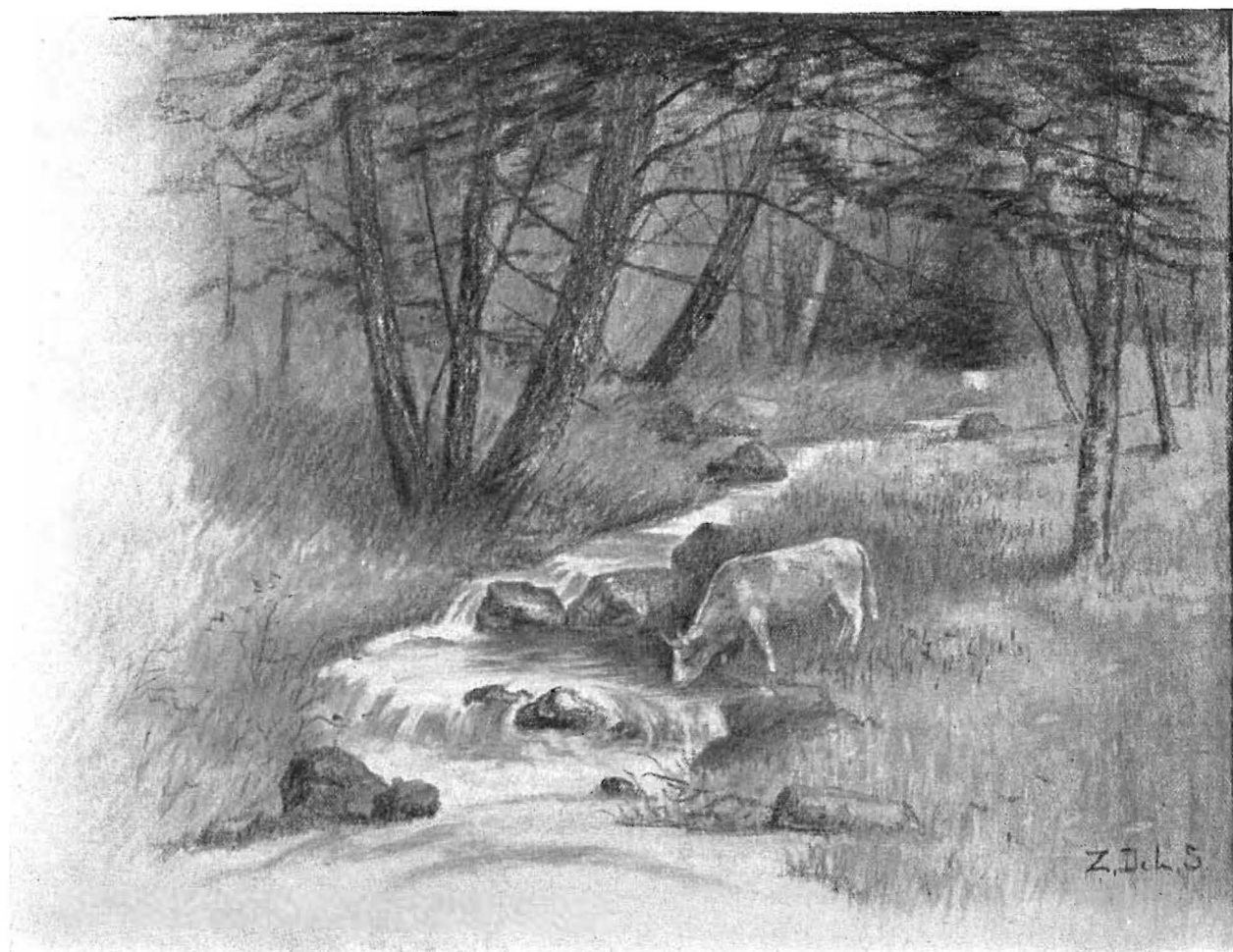




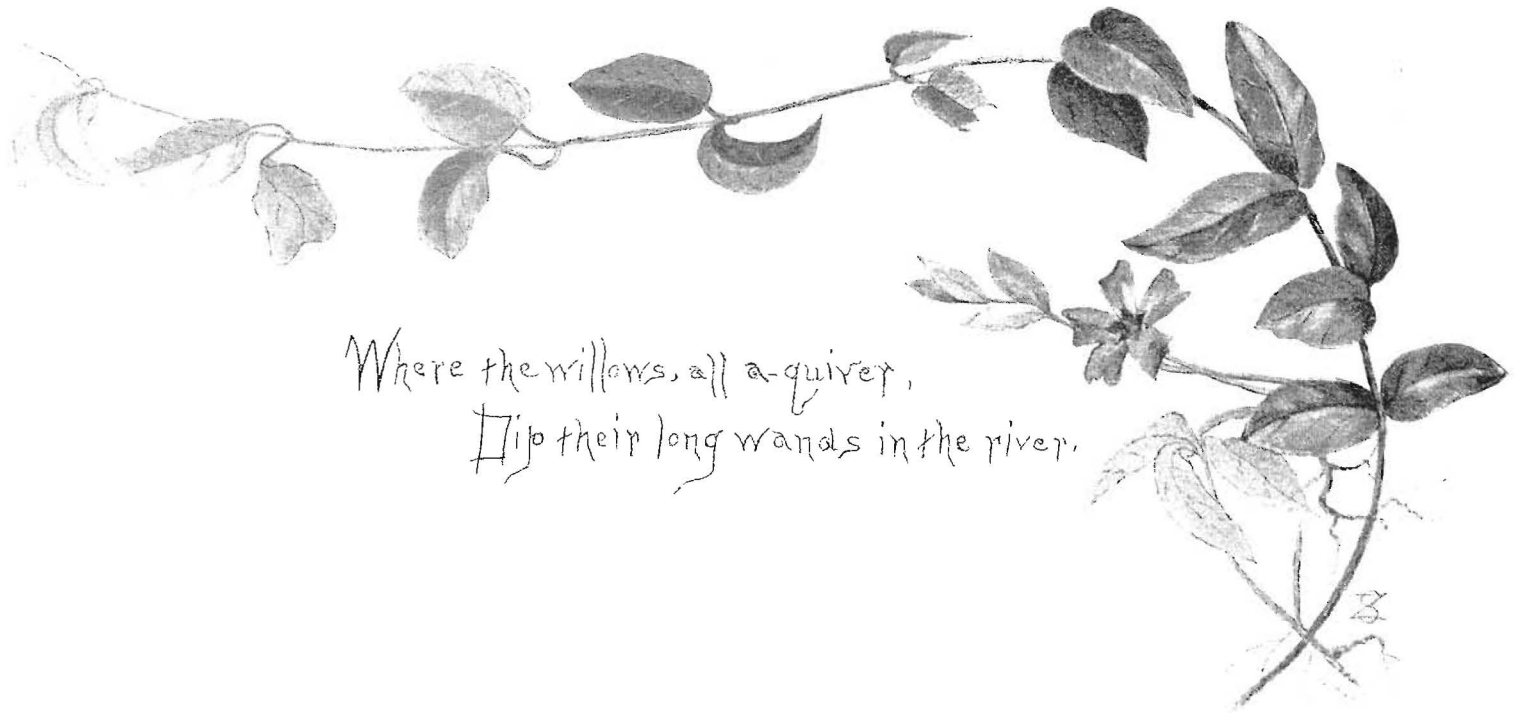


Where the happy mountain rills  
Tinkle soft, tinkle low;








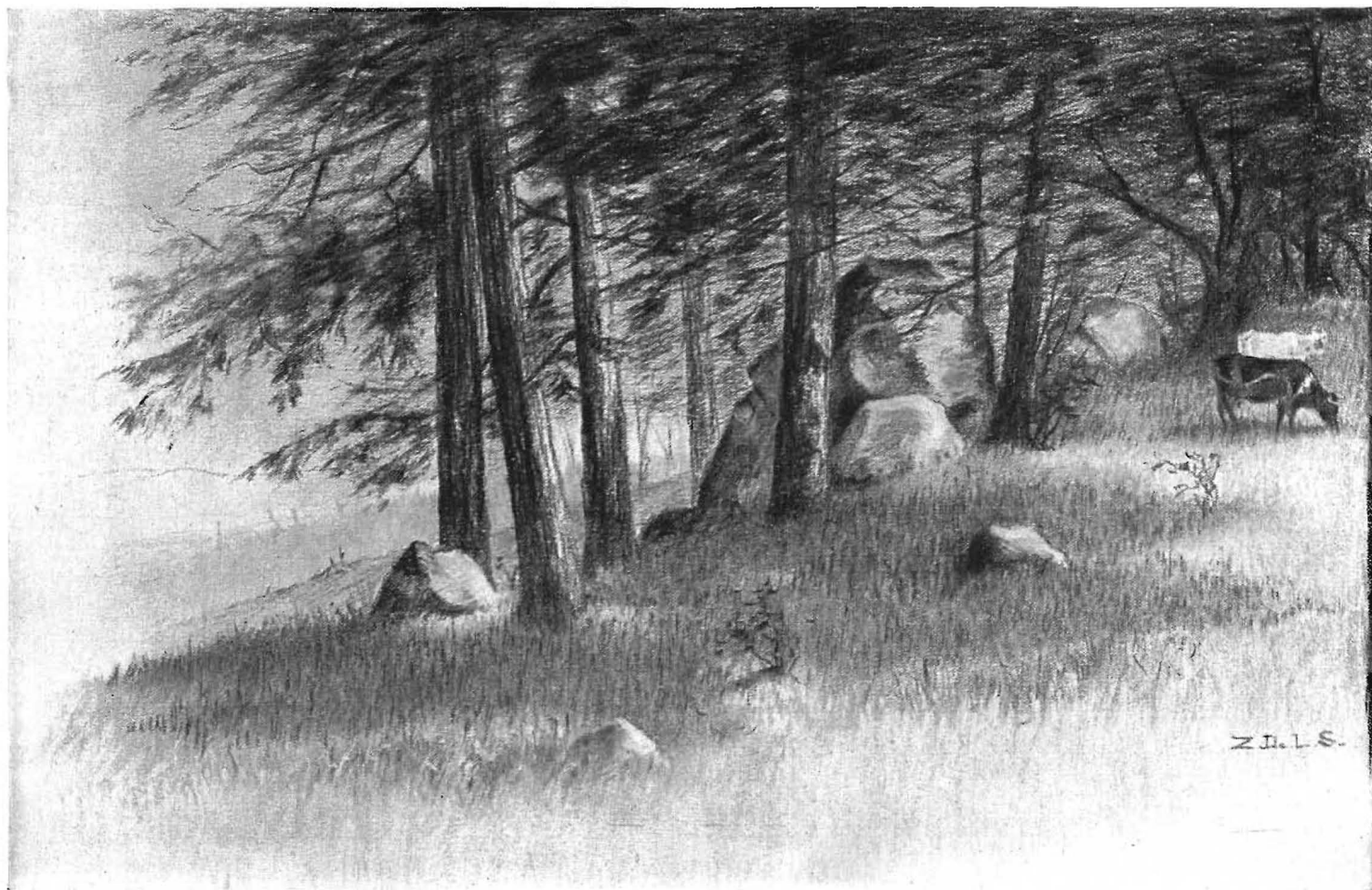


Where the willows, all a-quiver,  
Dip their long wands in the river.



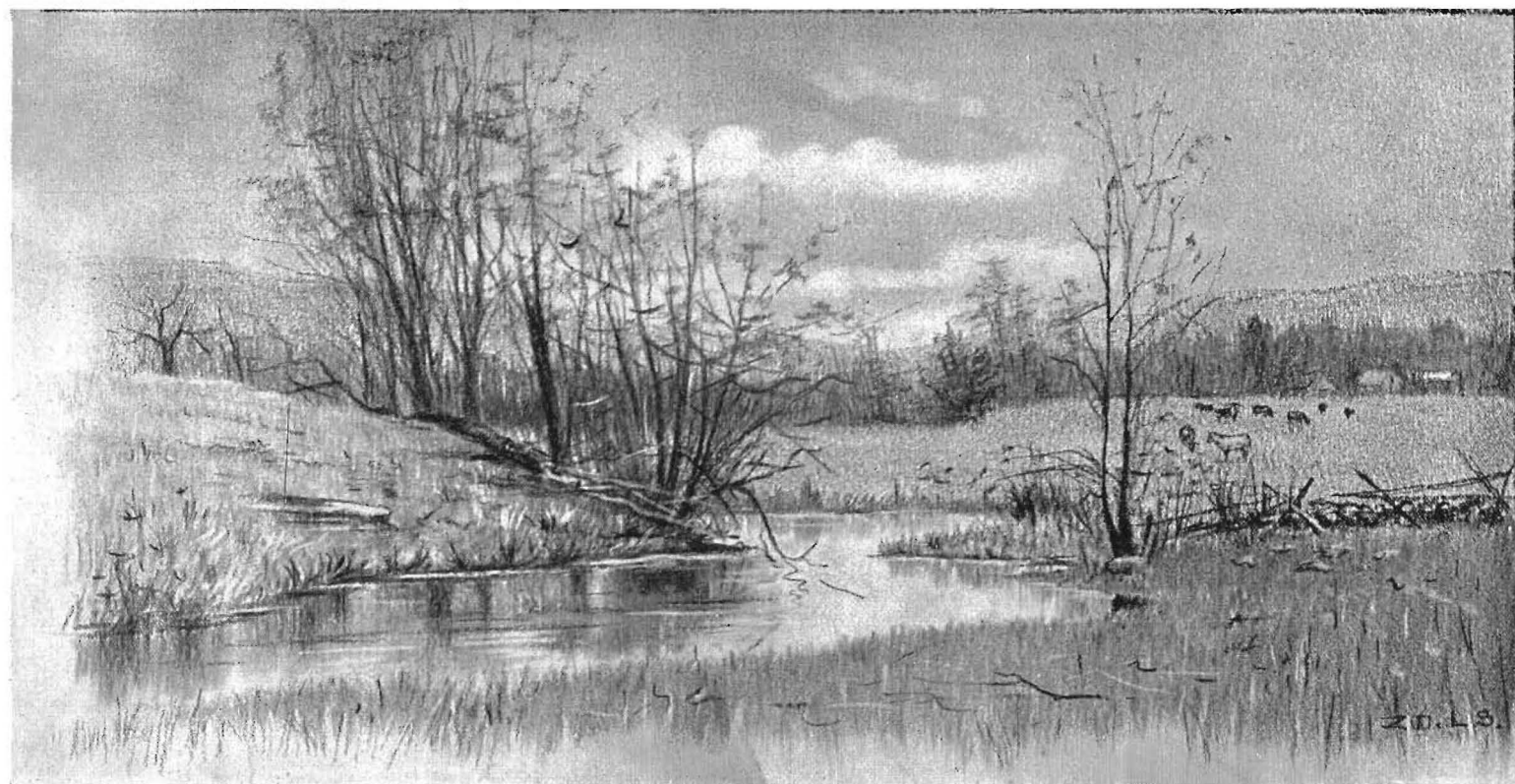


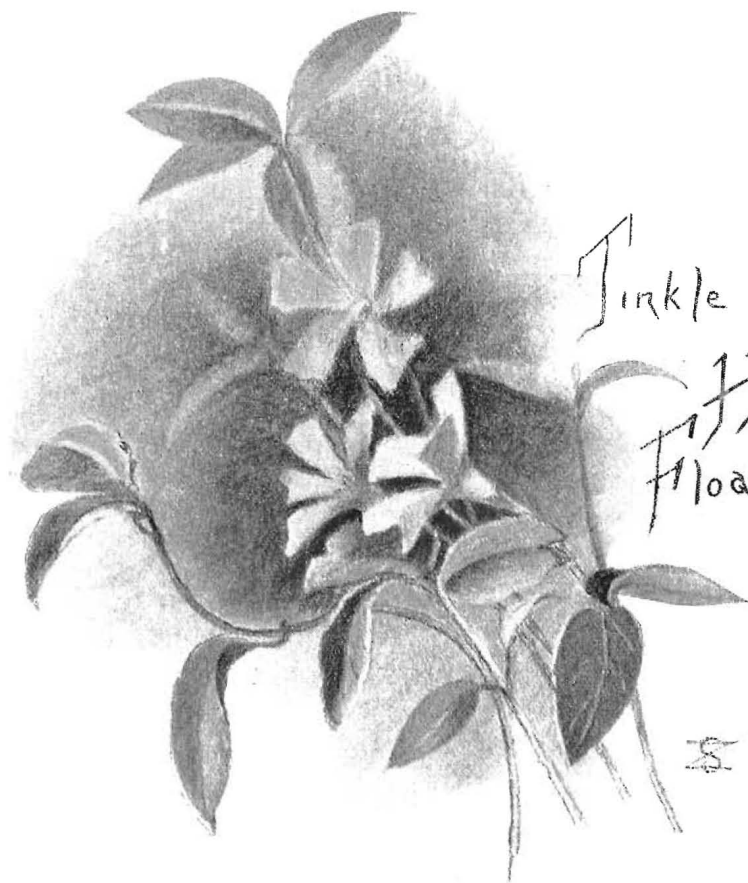
And the hemlock shadows fall  
By the gray rocks cool and tall—







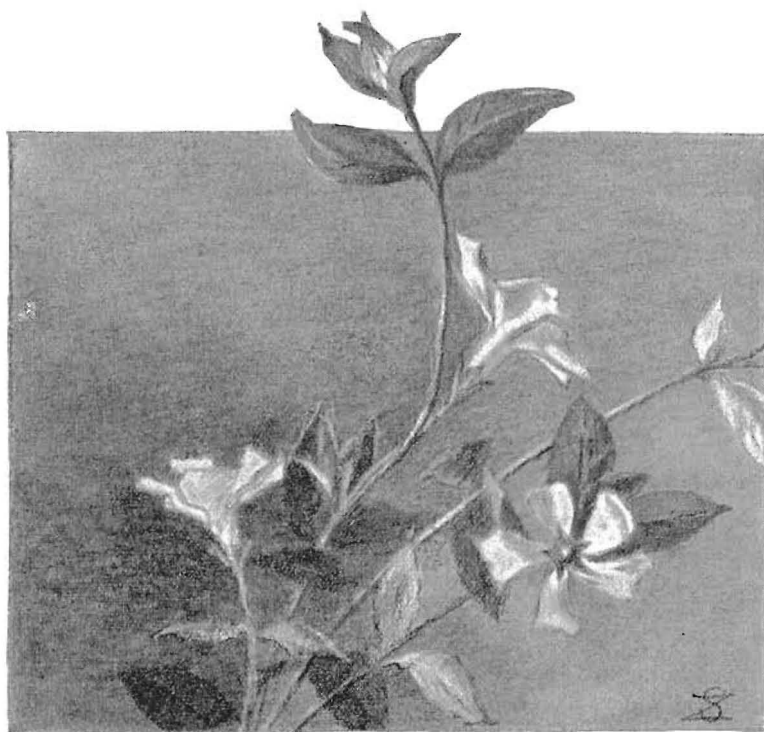




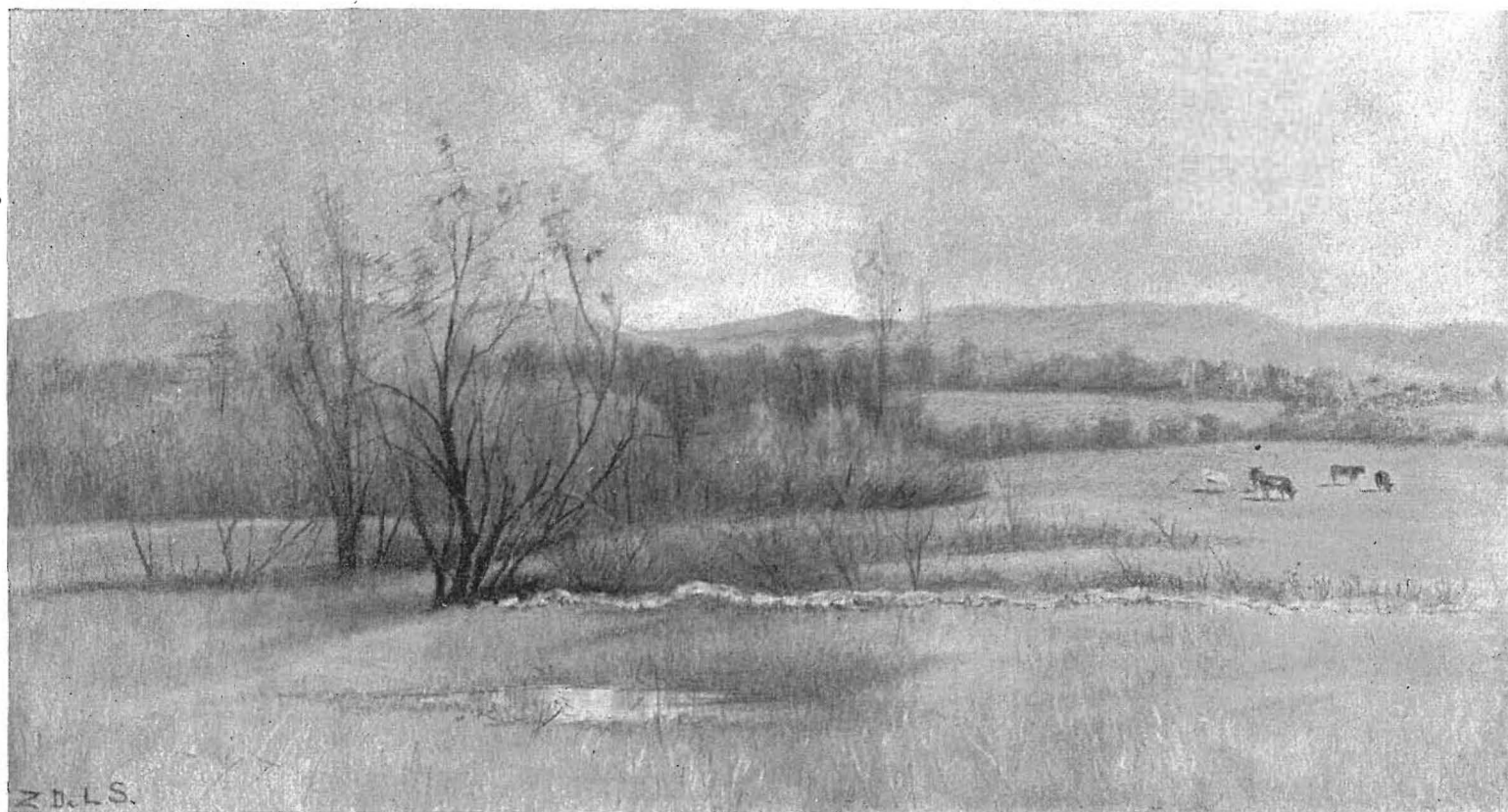
Tinkle tinkle Periwinkle!  
Here and there, Everywhere,  
Floats the music on the air!





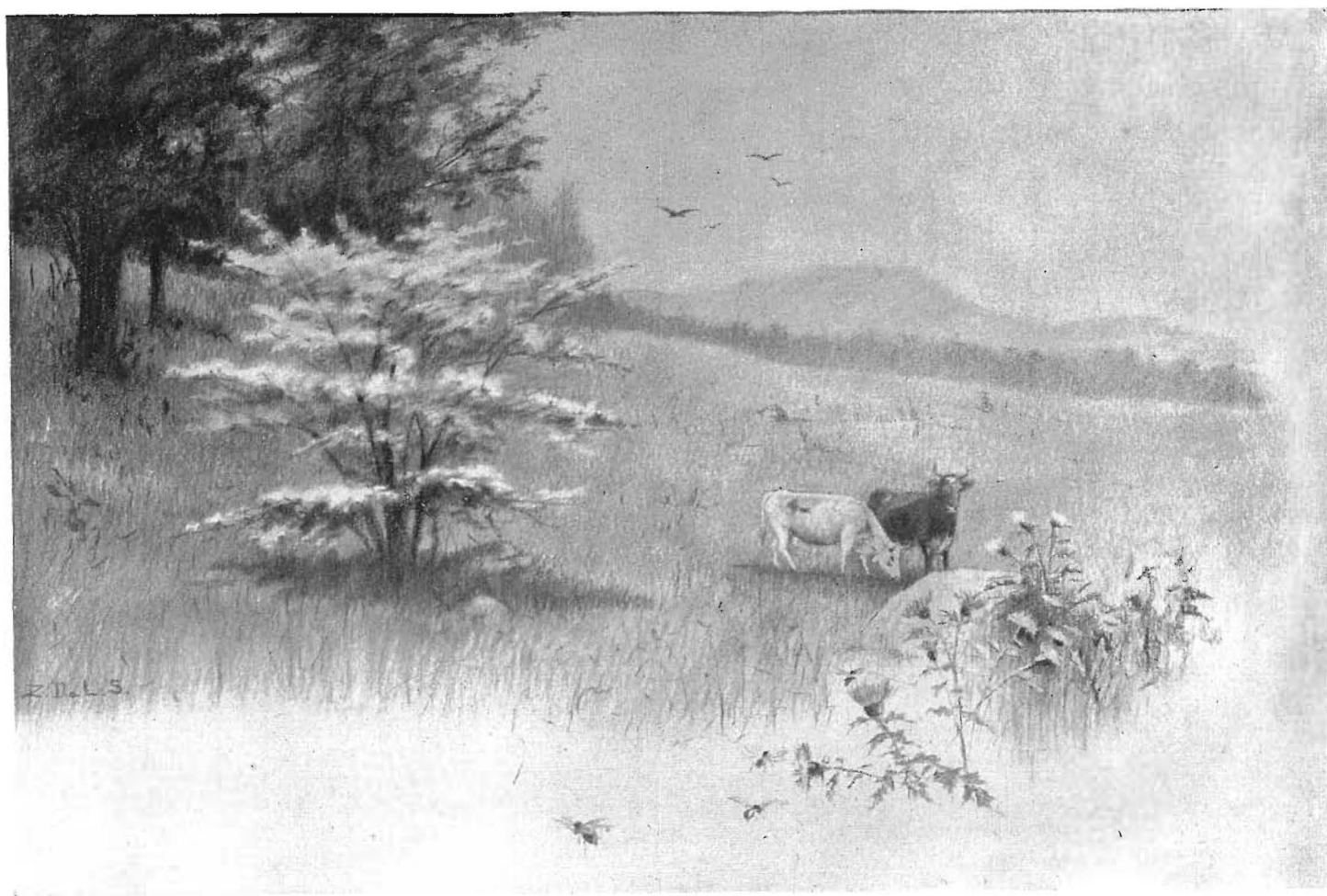


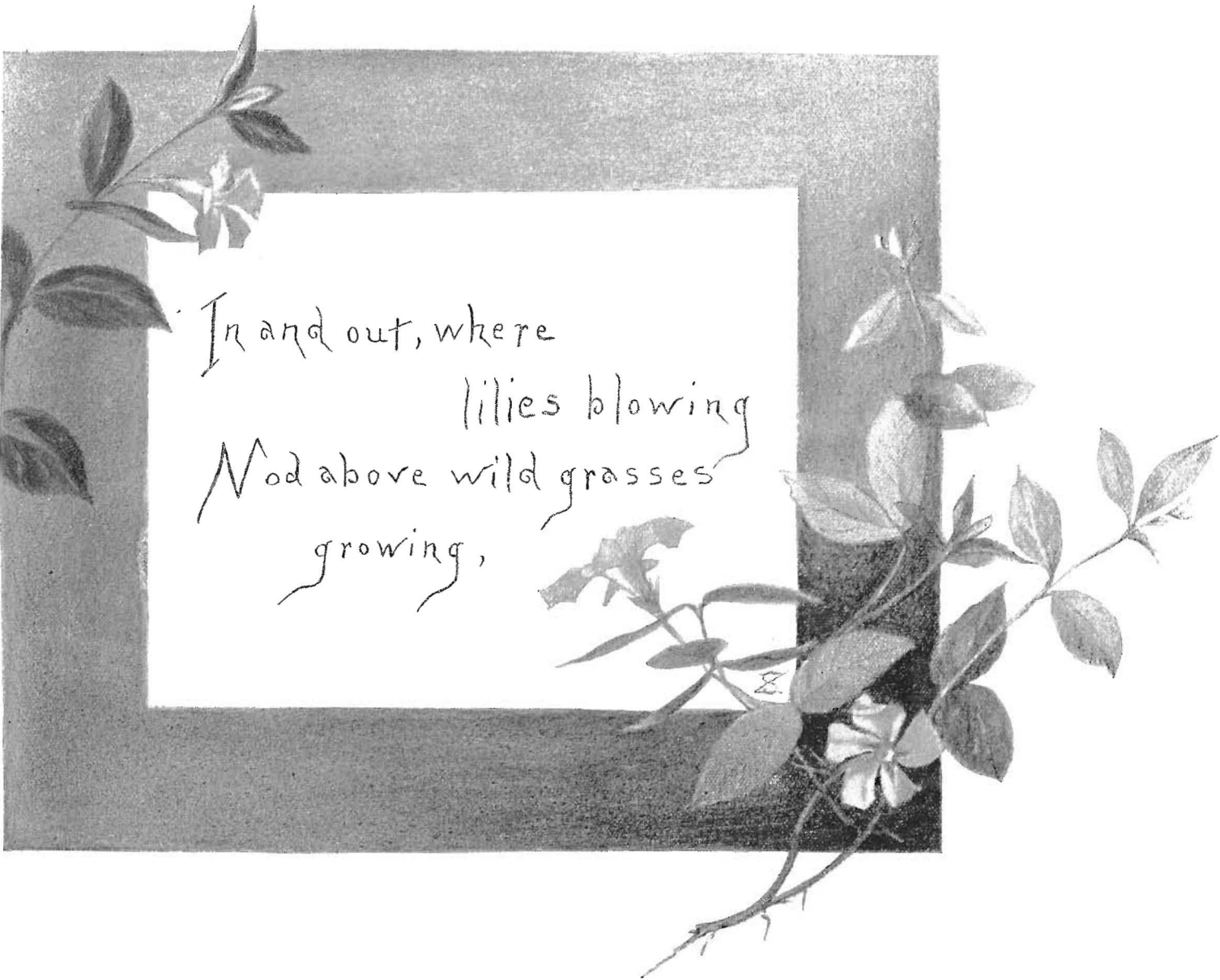
Through the pastures  
wide and free,  
Here you go, there you go.



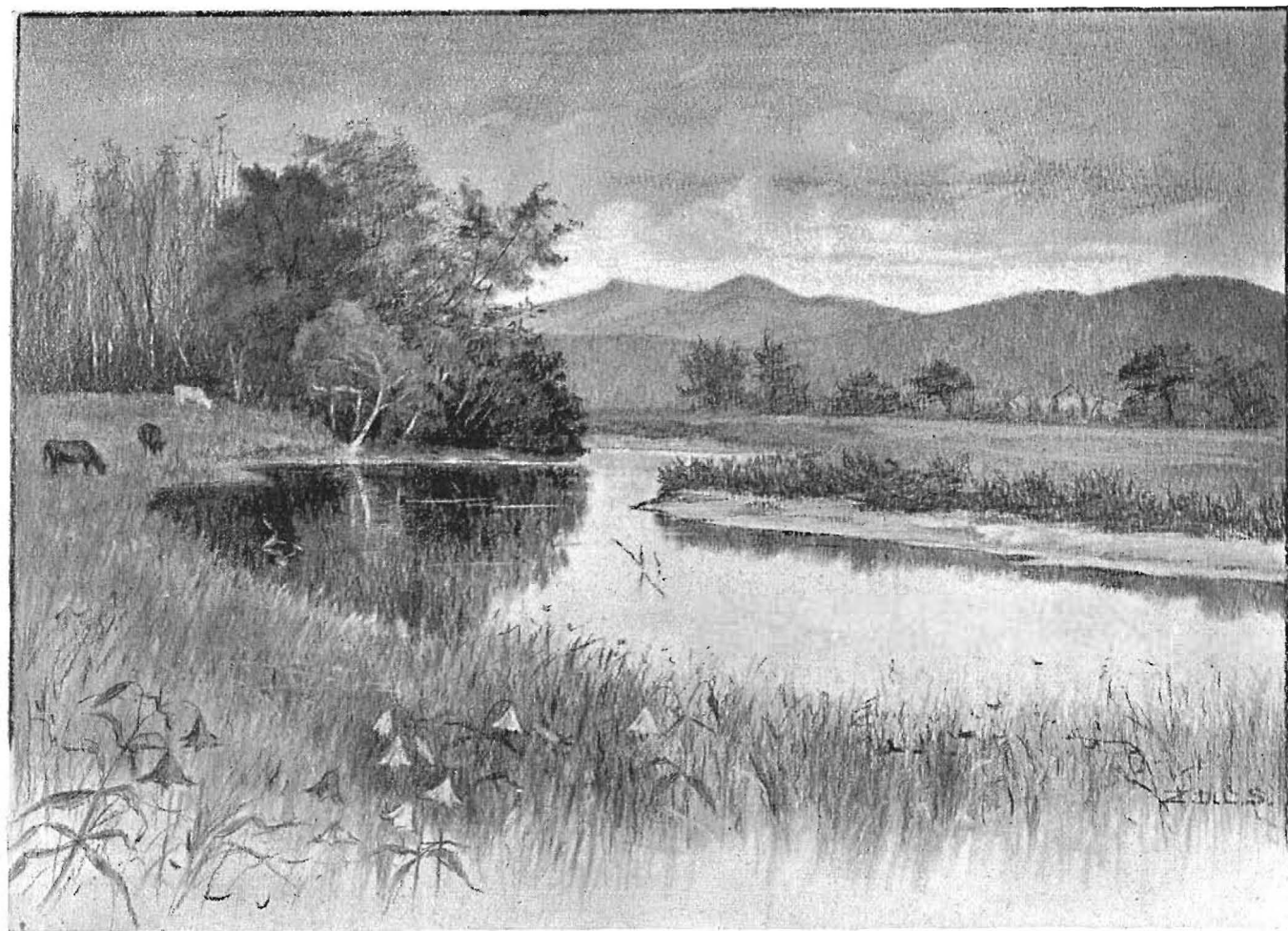
Making friends with bird  
and bee,  
Flying high, flying low;



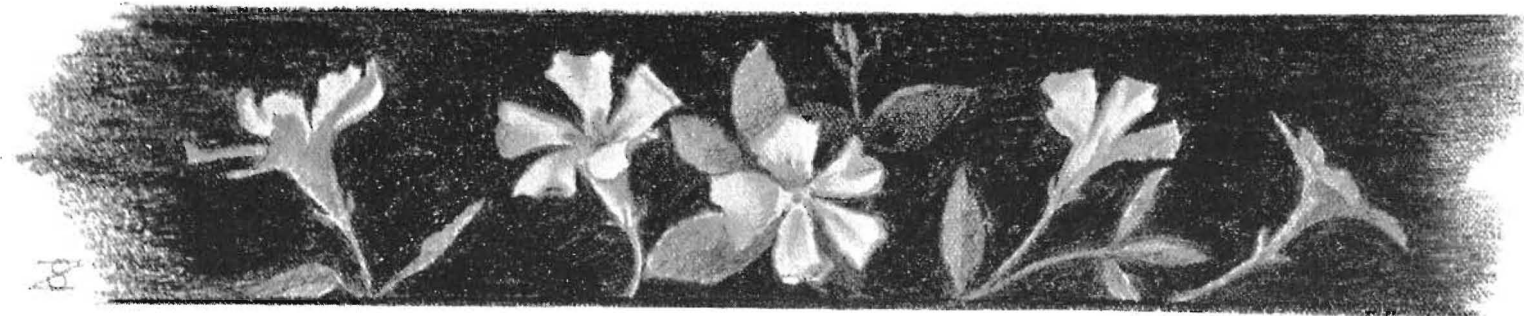




In and out, where  
lilies blowing  
Mod above wild grasses  
growing,



Where the sweet-fern and the brake



All around rich odors make,

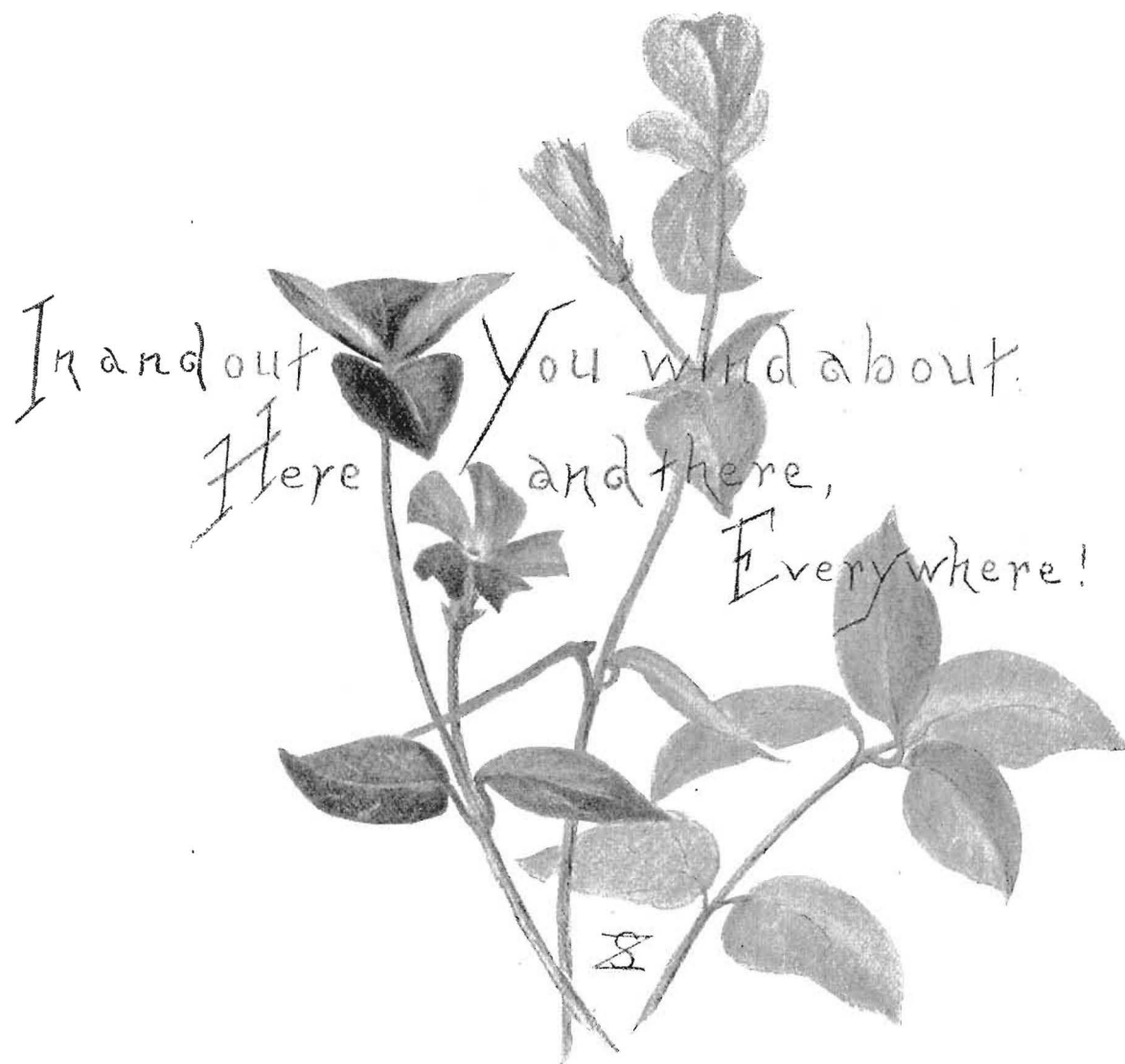


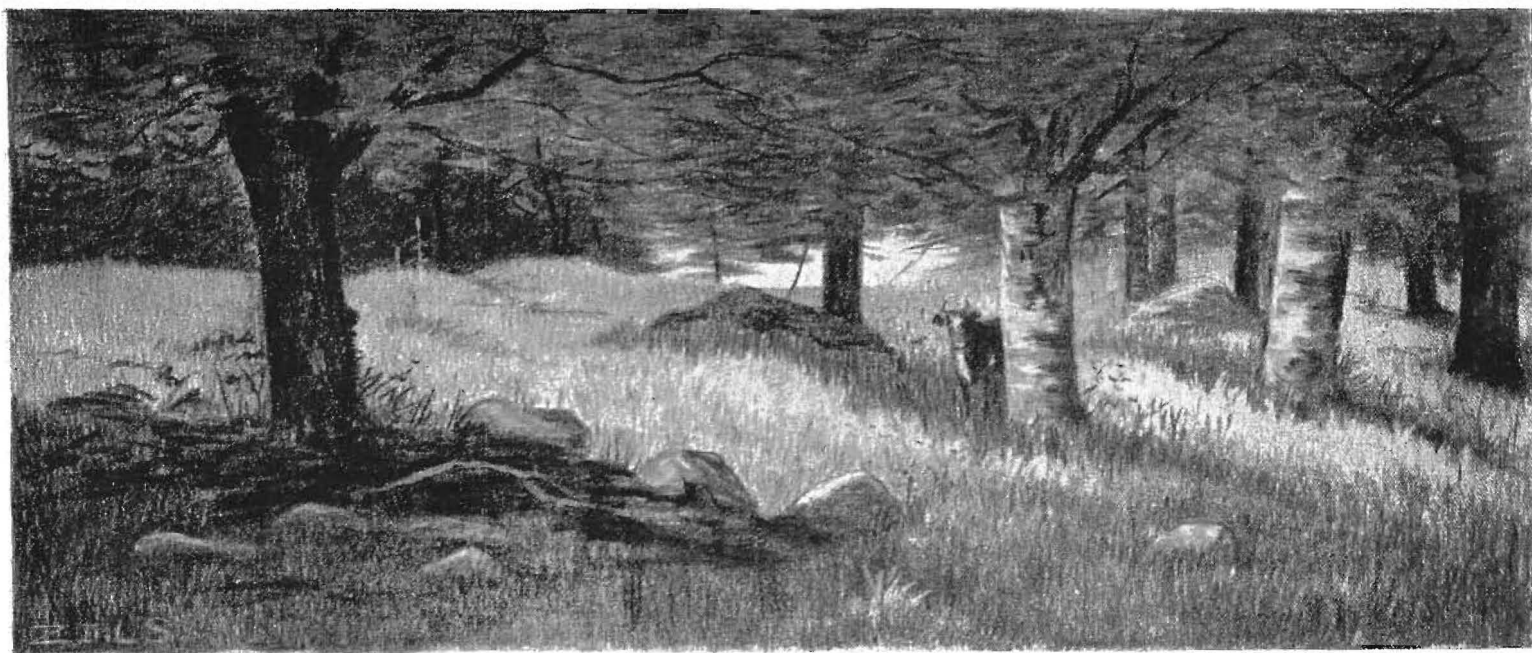


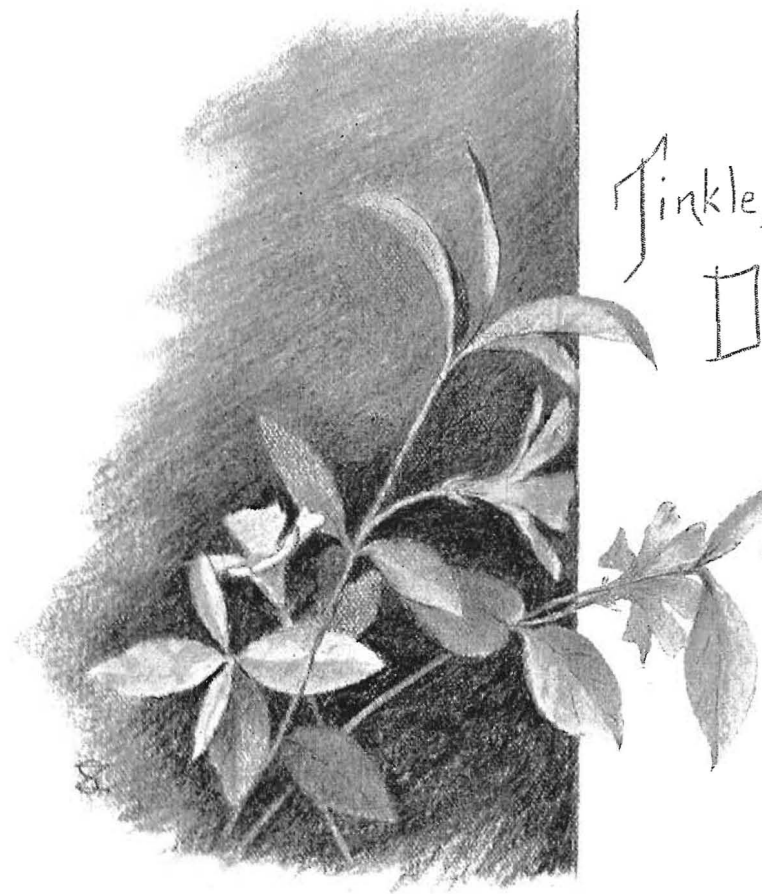


Where the mosses cling  
and creep  
to the rocks and up the steep—







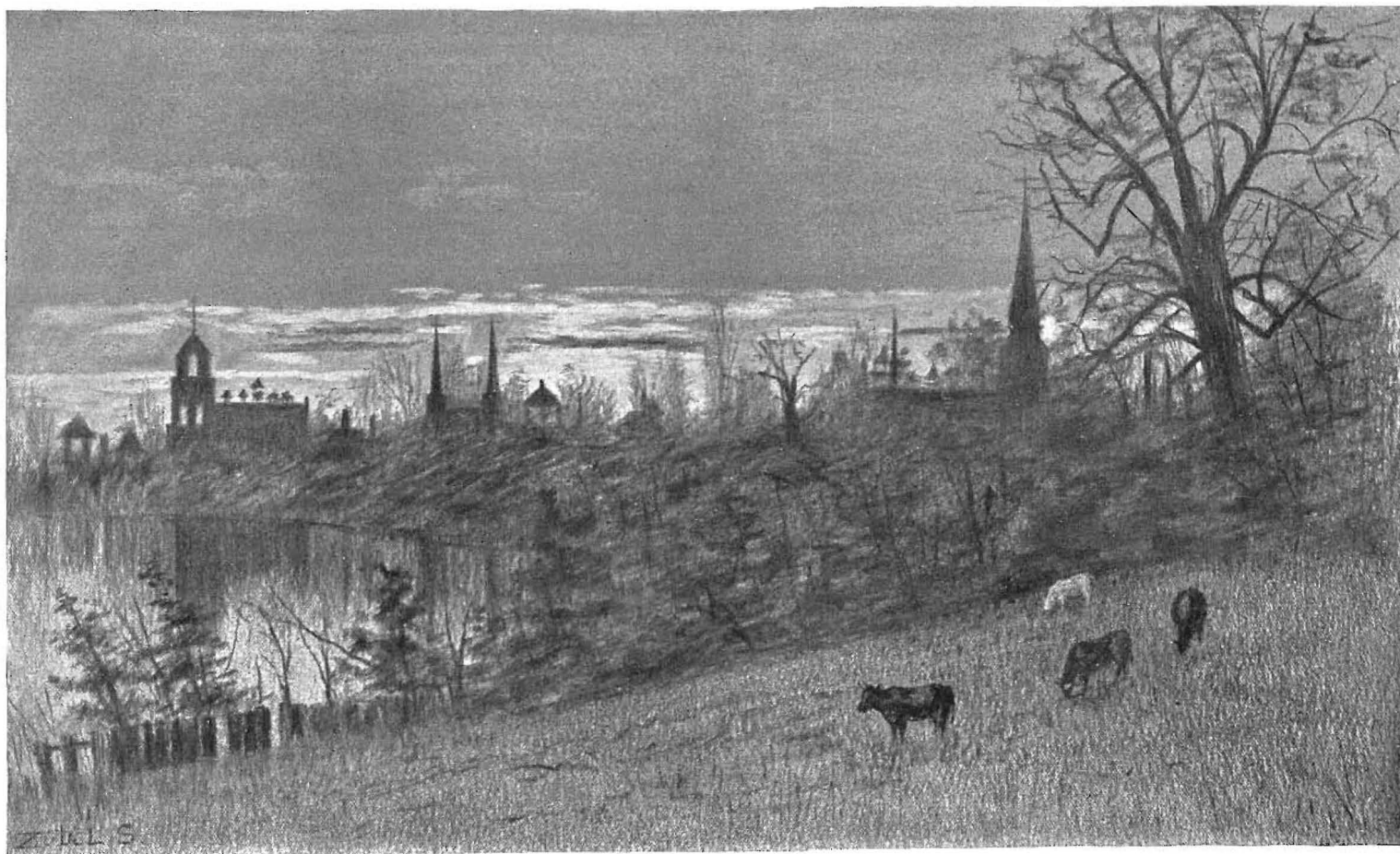


Tinkle, tinkle, Periwinkle!

Day is done,

And the sun

Now its royal couch hath won!



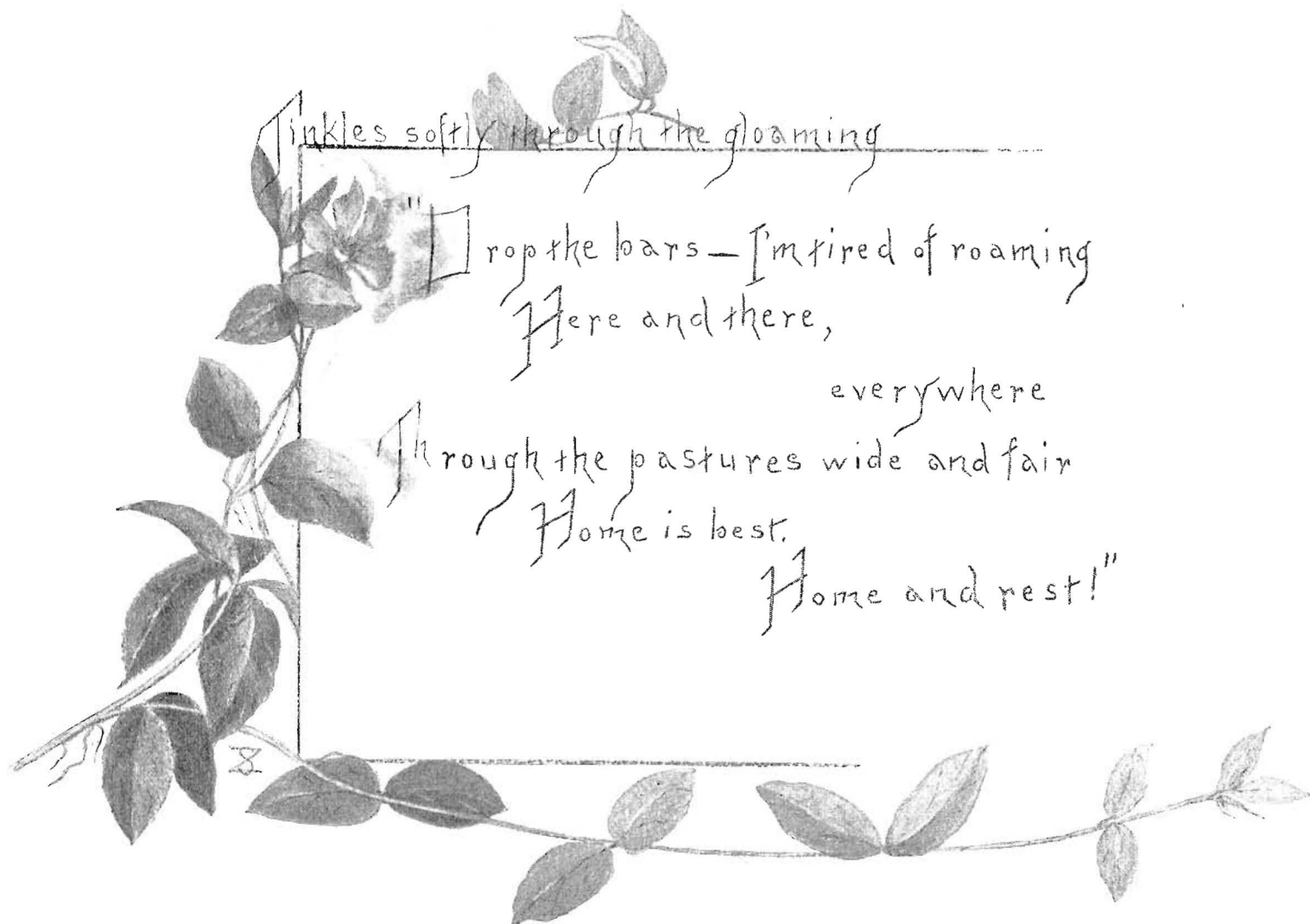


Homeward through the winding lane,  
Here you go, there you go.



While the bell in sweet refrain  
Tinkles clear, tinkles low—



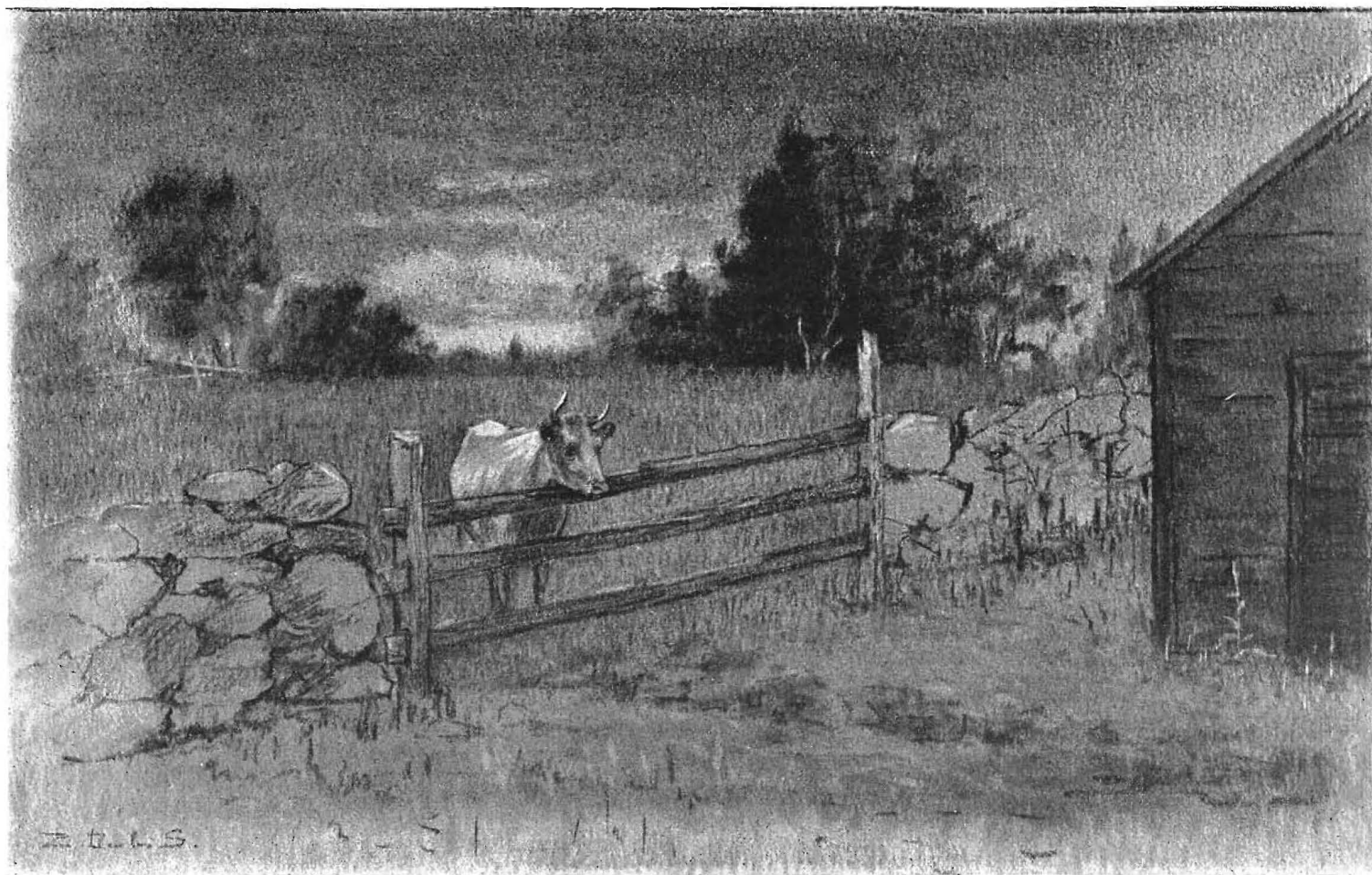


Tinkles softly through the gloaming

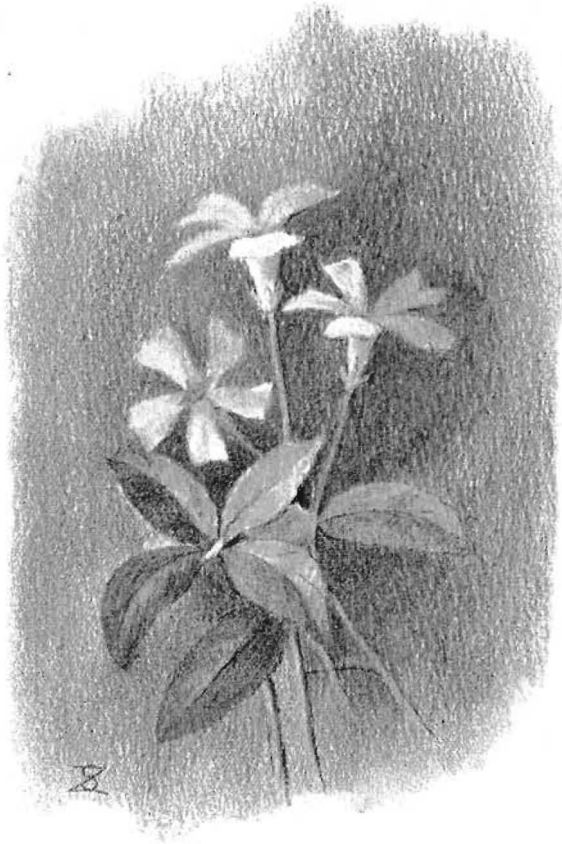
Knock the bars — I'm tired of roaming  
Here and there,

everywhere  
Through the pastures wide and fair  
Home is best.

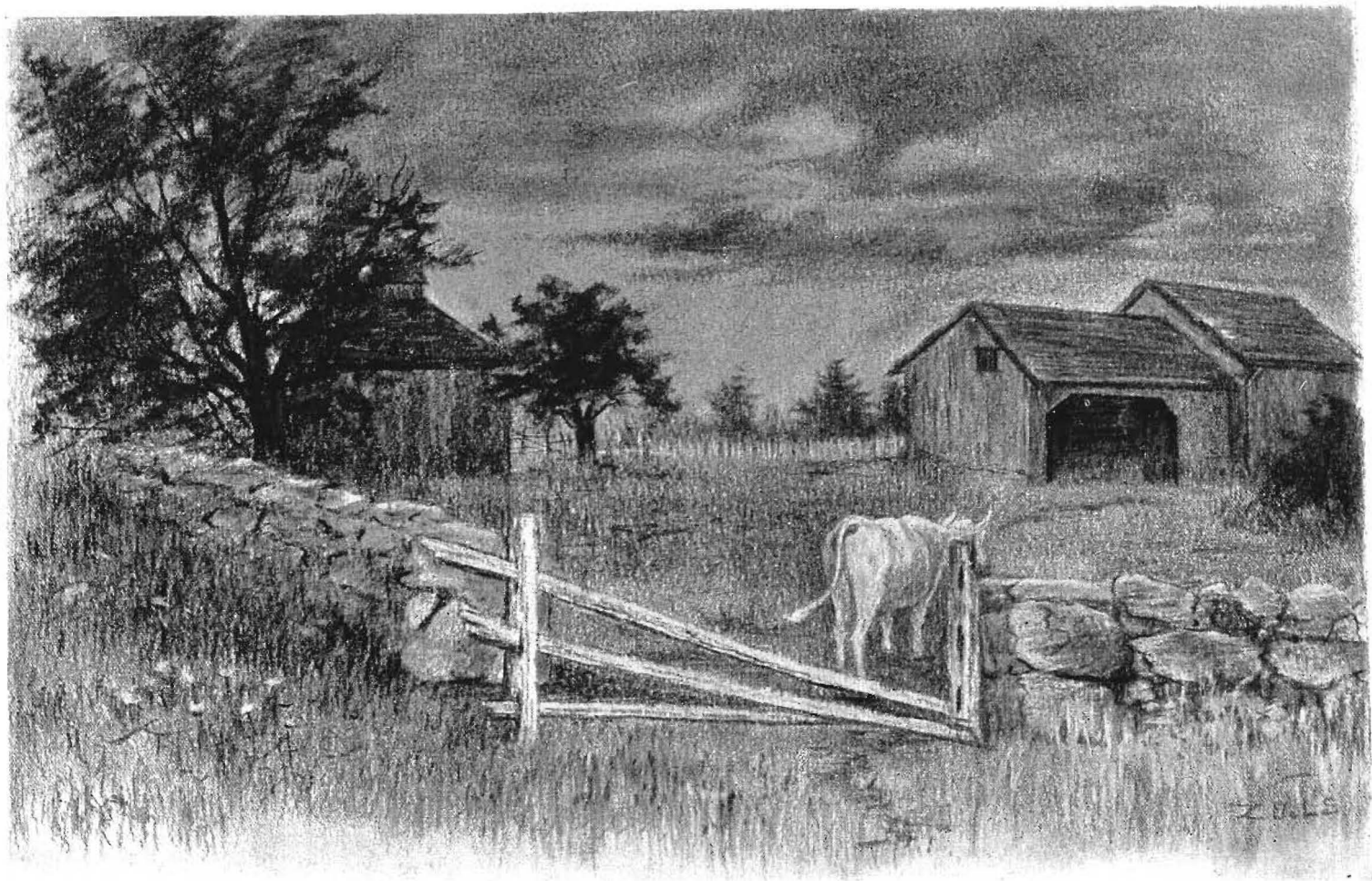
Home and rest!"



Through the bars  
goes *Feriwinkle*,  
While the



bell goes rinkle, rinkle,  
Low and clear,







Saying softly,  
"Night is here!"





